



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

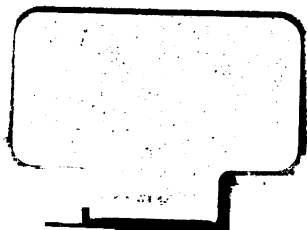
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Si

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

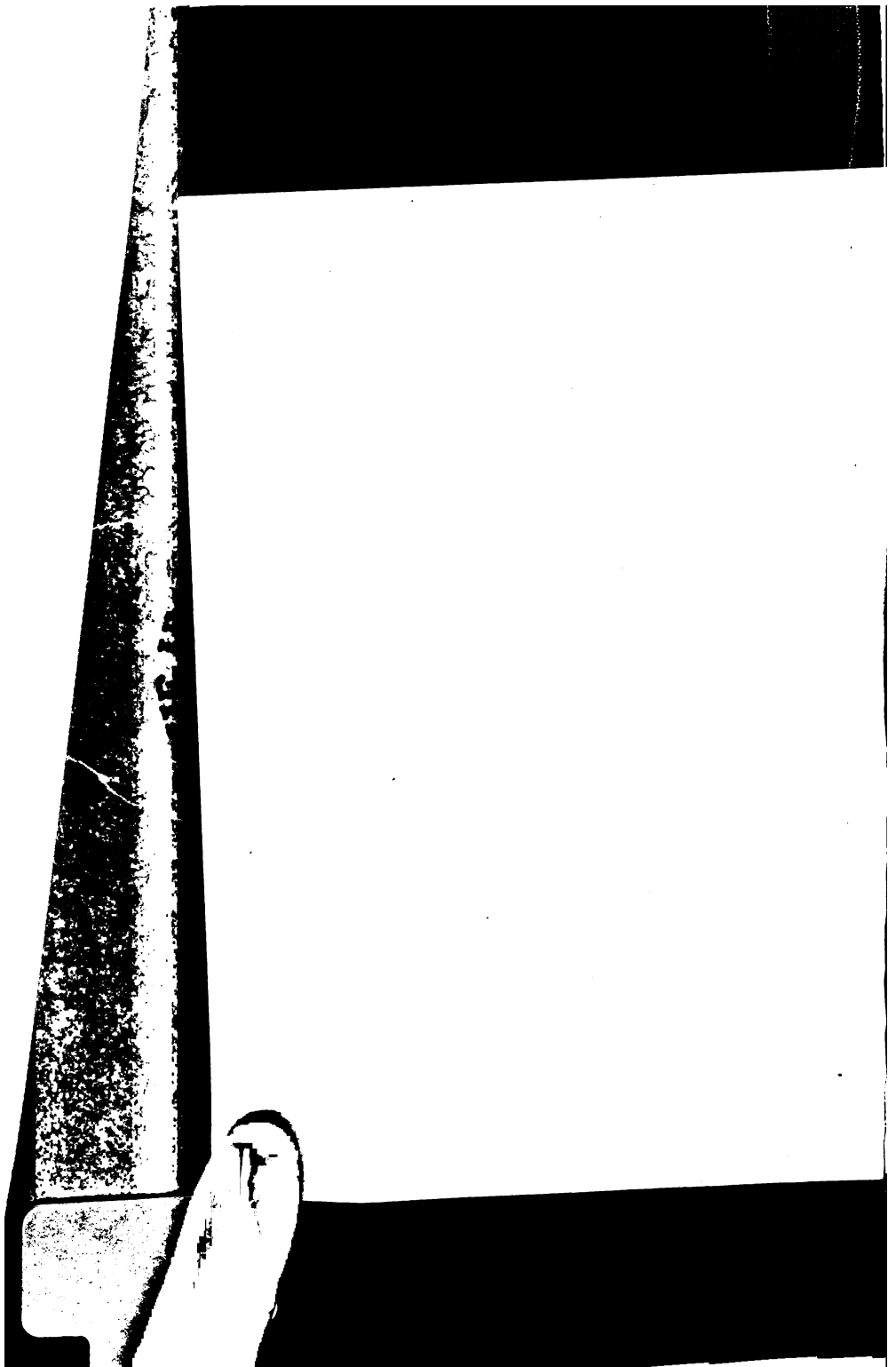


LC

31

.G19

MU

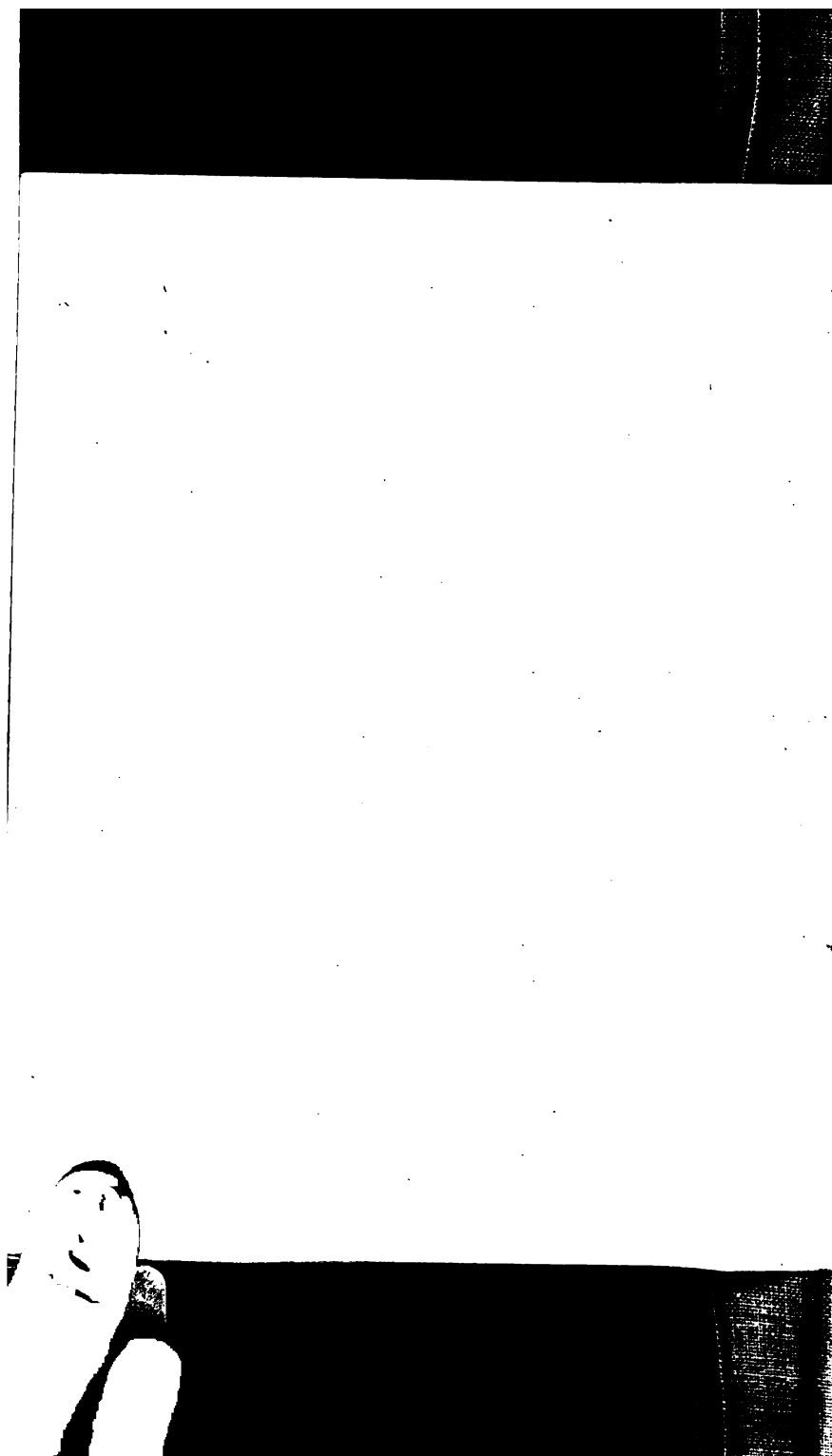


filmed



CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

MU 1



filed 1983

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



0015 01231 4400

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE

BY

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

Author of "The House Beautiful," "Blessed be Drudgery,"
"A Year of Miracle," etc.



BOSTON

JAMES H. WEST, PUBLISHER
174 HIGH STREET

MULTI

COPYRIGHT, 1895,
BY JAMES H. WEST.



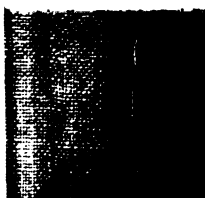
0350855

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TRUE CULTURE,	9
THREE GROUPS OF HABITS,	13
ONE'S WORK,	16
SOCIETY,	22
BOOKS,	27

Re-classed 8-12-54

181655



M
1
RD





Culture without College.



ONE boy and one girl can go to Harvard College or Wellesley, to Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and girls cannot go: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.* It is well to always remember this; and well, in connection, to say over to ourselves now and then certain homely old truths about education which we are apt to forget; old truths which those who go to school, and those who are through school, and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school, all equally need to bear in mind; homely truths which the schoolmasters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all



the rest is for, and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of it, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and in age. But this is the word to keep to the front: One girl and one boy can go to Harvard or Wellesley, while a thousand cannot: *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

Of the thousand, however, many may hurry to say, that they do not care for "culture," anyway. Yet "culture" is but a sort of glory-word for "education." There is a flower hint in "culture" that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, their very misspelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf or caricature that apes the real thing. No one who is wise laughs at true culture. Everyone who is wise wants it. Everybody who is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the

500

workman who honors his calling and is honor to it. Culture is that which transforms the wilful child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Culture is that which takes a mind in its crab-apple, 'prentice, uncontrolled stage, and trains it into a steady power to see, to grasp, to retain, to compare, to judge, and to find the law in the fact. Nobody really laughs at *this*. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is used for a varnish of make-believe wisdom, or when it is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only, or—dwarf of a dwarf—a mere text-bookish education, such as the high school and college are sometimes thought to give, and sometimes do give.

Yet if to-day they give no more than that it is the fault of the boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this so well as themselves. The educators were never so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to

college, if you can; or if, when young, you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory,—to give his child the education that he himself missed. Go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to go and get through; for that pinch on the money side is apt to halve the dangers and double the profits of college. Go all the more for that. Go, because the college is a greenhouse for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started, still less do they grow, in the greenhouses; no more do the great faculties of mental and moral nature have vital need of college training. And, whether you go or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education chiefly depends on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that in the boy or girl it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what do these two facts hint but that culture can be won outside of a college by means which nearly all of us can master?

So I repeat it again: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Wellesley, and a thousand cannot, *let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.*

Education lies mainly in Three Groups
of Habits.

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the reverse, and think often,—culture without college is possible, and possible for *me!* Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible, because the main of education lies in *self-disciplines*,—self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow: they only offer us materials for growth. "Each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as no one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a self-discipline; and all of us, to speak exactly, are "self-made" or self-grown men. What

is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all. College men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they, these tap-root habits? They lie in three groups. First, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other,—self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy, perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral, habits? Practically, they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a "person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book-knowledge without them, cannot go far on in his trade without them,—of course, cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lop-sidedness and genius top-heaviness,—sources of downfall rather than of rise. But with

them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people,—habits of justice, of sympathy, of modesty, of courtesy, and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And, besides these two, a third group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to our ideals, habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach conscious religion.

As we name these great names one by one, the feeling rises in us,—these surely are the *main* things in culture: to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college can give. Think them over once again, these man and woman-making habits,—the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand firm and to push hard; the splendid power of centering one's whole mind in fixed

acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against private ends; the power to love the perfect, and to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. This, this is the real "culture." And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible, and possible for me.

The Three Teachers: (1) One's Work.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us,—us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The chief teachers, also, are three,—Work, Society, Books; and the greatest of the three is one's work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind; work makes character. No work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention and honor to do it. Of all the educating forces,

File 1983



a steady need to do something promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character,—the habits that came first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life-preserver," Emerson reminds us: he means our soul's life. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, never exemption from it. A man born rich is born into danger. He, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land, at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, *must* be a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day the daughter, also, of wealth elects a task to save her soul's life. To be an "educated" woman, she has to have capacity to do well some good work or other, and to be a *true* woman, she has to stand for that capacity exercised, for good work well done.

Well done; for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work,—good as we can do.

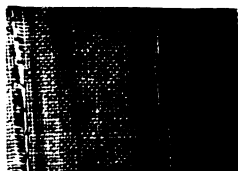
MU 1



The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it,—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power. And good work means, first or last, and often both first and last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard workmen. The actor Kean was a master on the stage: it is said that he practised two days on a single line; but, when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences. He tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-known story, "In His Name," he took a journey in Europe, ransacked a Lyons bookshop for old pamphlets, studied the history of poisoning, shut himself up a week or two in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story. She spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola," in order to catch the trick of language among



the common people of the city; and her husband said that, before writing "Daniel Deronda," she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth rewriting. First came a short, condensed statement, then another, then a long, full statement, then an abstract from this, and at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said:



M U I

"Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humbler task. Have you read what Mrs. Garfield once wrote to her husband, the man who was to be President? "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself: 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect

bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine,—that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why, this is a going-to-college for me: and this particular task is the day's lesson. I am not a drudge, but a pupil: let me do this thing as well as I can, and there is education, 'culture,' in it for me." The sense of quantity that lies in the task may tire and age us,—it often does: the sense of high quality put into the task refreshes and makes us young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to secure it.

(2) Society.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is Society. And, as with the head teacher, Work, we scarcely realize how much we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach than it does, if we will let it. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious, if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or for ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakspeare's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children, hold more texts than any text-book. These are the novels and plays and text-books *alive*: books are men and women potted and canned, as it were. If we can only read well these neighbors of ours, each, like a bit of Scripture, is "profitable

for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"; and the best among them are "inspired of God" to reveal to us—what? *Ourselves*, our own unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us,—and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life,—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate." As if unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us, waiting for some Livingston or Kane to come that way. The opening of Africa's heart dates from a Livingston's advent; so a capacity in us may date from a definite meeting or conversation with some fellow-man.

The more persons we really can "meet," then, the better for us. With an individual as with a town or a nation, civilization is proportioned to inter-communication. How many do we *touch*? How large is our social horizon? "Every man my schoolmaster" is a motto for wise men, and a motto that makes one a wise man. Of Daniel Webster it was said that he never met a stable-boy without extracting from him some bit of information that was

worth remembering. If "here is a person with some message for me" be the feeling with which we are wont to meet strangers, the result in four years may be worth one year of a college,—so great is the daily income of such a man's mind as compared with that of one who instinctively shuts himself up to a stranger.

Among men thus trained and enriched are those we put on the school committee, send to the legislature, elect to be Mayor and Governor and possibly President,—or make Overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but could not afford, to go to. Possibly President: the sum of Lincoln's whole schooling was hardly one year, but Lincoln knew men. And three or four others of our Presidents were also log-cabin boys. And should we ask them about their schooling, these leaders might answer: "My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My schoolmasters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting-rooms, on 'change. One taught me manners: one taught me tact. *She* raised my standards of justice and truthfulness



and honor: *he* widened my ideas of public spirit. This one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom long faced a neighbor without facing a teacher." He who can say such things was born for an education, and will get it, whether he go to a college or not.

But to get it, this profit from persons, one must really meet them,—*meet*, and not merely encounter,—meet *them*, and not merely their outside. How is it these head-scholars, in the school without books, manage to extract so much from others? Some by a gift of eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor. Others by a genius for geniality,—that is, letting others cordially into the inside of one's self. But as in work, so in society, few win a great success without conscious, deliberate aim. Genius helps greatly, but even for genius there is no royal road to an art,—and this is a fine art, to extract a good education out of society. It takes bravery, modesty, sympathy and high choices. Bravery to conquer shyness,



M U I

if one has it. For some poor fellows it takes campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness. If we are shy, we had better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to the dancing-school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better join a conversation-club and talk, though we hear our heart thump when we try; better make ourselves tell the story at table, until we can tell it, and others can hear it, without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for this bravery. But through it all keep the holy *spirit* of shyness — modesty; for modesty gives the passport to the doors of the better and best in society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too; for this admits one past the mere doors, and past the reception-rooms of courtesy, to the inner living-rooms of mind and heart. And still the high choice is needed which habitually seeks and companions the best side of a man, and which instinctively tries to make friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things,—it takes them all; bravery, modesty, sympathy, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you

File

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



will have the fine art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the best in a neighbor. And men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer on you an invisible degree, "Master of Hearts,"—as honorable as any the colleges give.

(3) *Books.*

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in colleges; but in this day he goes about the country, teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wishes to hear,—all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history. He will teach us science. He will teach us

MU

the love of noble literature. He will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit in impersonal fashion the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But once more, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices, and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to pay that price for his help will make for himself three Golden Rules:—

I will be a reader;

I will read best books;

I will read best books in the best way.

“I will be a reader”: that means, no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour,—if not an hour, a half-hour; if not a half, then a quarter; if not a quarter, then five minutes—in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of one winter or summer can make the difference between two good solid

books taken into us and none at all taken in. The odd minutes of to-morrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on "margins": it is margins of time well used that give us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln,—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more; there were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy,—and how about girls? Let me quote from *Far and Near*, a journal for working-girls:—

"A young mother said: 'I haven't read a book in three months. I can't with the children.' But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning and mending with literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill-girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of